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THE BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

A BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT IN
CAMP, BATTLE, AND DEATH.

Enoch Colman was born in the year 1800, at Longhope, Gloucestershire, where he followed the laboring line until his eighteenth year. His parents, though poor, were mindful of sending him to school, where he acquired the knowledge of reading and writing; but, like the generality of children, he early commenced to tread the paths of wickedness, which insensibly led him to forget the things that belonged to his salvation.

On the 28th November, 1817, at Gloucester, he entered the ——— regiment, and in the year 1818 arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where he continued to live in sin, daily rioting in all the pleasures of dissipation, being unmindful of the great essential duty of an immortal soul, of serving and loving his Creator. Daily he drunk deeper and deeper into the cup of guilt, being led captive by the Devil at his will, living without hope and without God in the word, running heedlessly in the broad road to destruction. Conscience, that faithful monitor, frequently admonished him of his sin, but these convictions were soon erased; but when the fullness of time was come, the Saviour sought his lost and wandering sheep, and brought him into his fold. It was in the year 1820, while at the Cape, he was led to attend the Wesleyan Chapel in that place. The preached word became effectual to the salvation of his soul, the arrow of conviction was sent into his heart. The polished shaft, winged from the bow of mercy, entered his guilty mind, and filled him with heart-felt sorrow for his numberless sins. For many months he remained a weary, heavy laden sinner, seeking rest and finding none, until a messenger, even the Eternal Spirit, was sent to speak peace to his afflicted soul, and pour the gospel balm into the wounded conscience. From this period he went forth with a glad heart, rejoicing in the God of his salvation. His constant theme was,

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from guilt set free—
A heart sprinkled with that blood
So freely shed for me.

For months he stood a solitary pilgrim in the regiment, but having tasted the good word of life, and knowing the inestimable value of immortal souls, his spirit panted to communicate it to others. He, therefore, commenced entreating his old friends to attend the sanctuary of the Most High, and his public efforts were abundantly blessed to the salvation of three of his companions. This was the glorious era when a Christian society was formed in the regiment, which has continued to this day. It has been the birthplace of many perishing sinners; many who are now living can look back, and say that it was by the instrumentality of pious soldiers that they were brought from darkness to light, and liberated from the captivity of sin and Satan; yea, many now in glory, who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," can boast of being converted in a soldier's chapel, and under a soldier's preaching, "for the Lord despiseth not the day of small things."

The subject of this narrative having arrived in Bengal in 1822, proceeded to Berhampore, where the Christian Church was re-established, and he became zealous in inviting sinners to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." His pious efforts were abundantly crowned with success. The words that came from his lips were plain, forcible, and scriptural, owned of God, and blessed to the souls of sinners. It was at this period that his character shone with all the graces of the Spirit, he was a true representative of his Lord and Master, a "living epistle, seen and read of all men." The *holiness* of his life was like a sunbeam, reflecting light and glory all around; it was written legibly in his walk and conversation.

The meekness and humility that adorned his life were seen and admired by all; he was noted even by the wicked, as "the meek and quiet Methodist;" these graces were beautifully expanded in his dealings with mankind. It is said that many profane characters have

laid wagers against one another to ruffle *and vex* his spirit, but they never succeeded; when he learnt their design, he would say with his usual smile, "you cannot vex me." It appeared that he had gained a complete ascendancy over his temper, for after he became a subject of divine grace he was never known to be angry, or in a passion.

His warnings to others against sin were impressive and solemn, for he had tasted of the bitterness of the cup of guilt, that there is no peace to the wicked, therefore he always reprov'd sin with boldness. At all times he was anxious to inform others of what the Lord had done for his soul, and what he was waiting to do for them, if they would but seek him. He watched attentively over his brethren, and when any of them neglected their duty, he would cautiously and prudently admonish them, and tell them the sad consequences of it, always exhorting them to persevere and to beware of falling away, knowing that

"Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven."

He was very spiritually minded. It was his daily custom to appoint an hour to meditate on divine things, and when thus engaged if he happened to meet any of the brethren, he would look up to heaven and say:

"Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the sky."

During the severe expedition against the Burman empire, which commenced in 1824, and continued to 1826, he was continually employed in doing good. As soon as his day's fatigue was over he would visit the sick, exhorting them to seek salvation in the Lamb of God, whose blood pardoneth *all* sin, and at night he would repair to a shed which was built by the pious soldiers, and there conduct worship to the praise and glory of God, and to the comfort of immortal souls.

And during that expedition, when it has been his turn of duty to stand on a dangerous post, some of his comrades have offered to stand in his place, he would thank them and say, you are not afraid to expose yourself, and why should I be?

His faith, hope, and charity were of a purely Christian kind. His faith was vivid, and firmly and implicitly built on the promises of Scripture; he frequently realized the glorious hope of immortality and life, and all his actions sprung from pure disinterested love. He was a firm supporter of every Christian institution, and liberally contributed to every Christian purpose.

Thus lived this humble servant of the Lord in the army, where there are many trials, temptations, and difficulties to encounter, but he found the truth of the Saviour's promise verified to his believing soul: "My grace is sufficient for you, my strength is made perfect in weakness."

It was remarked that the Sabbath preceding his death he was engaged in public prayer on the bank of the River Ganges as the regiment was proceeding to Cawnpore, in October, 1827. He prayed that, as probably it would be the last earthly Sabbath that he would enjoy, he hoped that, ere long, he would enjoy that eternal Sabbath of consummate bliss which is prepared for the people of God.

His prayer was very soon verified, for the following day a violent storm arose, and the boat in which he sailed was wrecked, while himself and eight more sunk into the deep, and I have every hope that his immortal soul took its eternal flight into the regions of immortality and bliss.

This history furnishes the greatest encouragement to those who may have previously run into great excess in wickedness. Such, in their reflecting moments, are sometimes apt to suppose they are too far gone to be recovered, or to receive mercy. But here we see such a one restored to his right mind, and while enjoying that peace of God which passeth understanding afterward walking steadfastly in newness of life. Think of the encouraging language of holy writ, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. lv, 7.

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